Psalms of Soul.

William
Bradford
Dickson

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Sing ye praises with understanding.

—David

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA,
TRIBUNE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

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CHICAGO.

PSALMS OF SOUL

BY

WILLIAM BRADFORD DICKSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY

FLORENCE GOLDSMITH CHANDLEE.

1902

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DEDICATION

To God
The giver of all noble thought;
to
All earth's great and good
Whose songs have lifted man to seek a higher goal;
to
All earth's toiling ones
Who struggling Soulward
Seek a glimpse of unseen things;
And to my heaven-sent friend,
Rev. Mary Baker Eddy,
Whose world-redemptive book of Truth
Has lifted me on wings of light divine
To soar and sing of heavenly things,
I dedicate with fadeless love,
This breath of praise
and prayer.

Tribune Press,
South Bend, Indiana

PROEM

THIS little volume is offered to my fellow-man as a ray of spiritual sunshine to help lighten the materialism of this age, a tid-bit to help nourish hungry hearts, a crumb to help feed the world's spiritual famine.

The writer deserves no credit, but refers the reader to the one Divine Author, the Father of lights, the Heavenly Parent of all spiritual forms of thought, from whom cometh all good gifts.

A PSALM OF LIGHT.

Early in the morning will I praise Thee, Oh God!
Early in the morning will I seek Thine everlasting way.

A PSALM
OF LIGHT

EARLY in the morning will I praise Thee, Oh God!
Early in the morning will I seek Thy face.
As the glory of the day ariseth in the east,
And sheddeth its beauties abroad o'er all the earth,
And maketh all creation palpitant
With Love's awakened harmonies,
So shall the Sun of Righteousness
Arise within my heart,
And radiate its peace and light to all mankind.

Thus may the glory and light of Thy Presence
Arise in every heart,
And all shall be the children of the day.
Early in the morning and changeless through the day,
My heart shall be the habitation of Thy truth,
The house of Love wherein Thy thoughts abide,
Wherein Christ ruleth.

Innocency shall encompass my habitation round about,
Purity shall enlighten it,
The atmosphere of Thy goodness shall dwell therein,
Moses and the Prophets shall there abide,
The blessed Master and all Thy chosen ones;
There, too, upon Thy throne,
The pure white Christ shall dwell forevermore.

From out the windows of my heart, Thy holy house,
Shall flow the healing currents of Thy love and truth,
And earth shall know the blessings of Thy power.
Early in the morning will I praise Thee, O God!
Early in the morning will I seek Thine everlasting way,
And Thou my Light and Life shall be.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

For 'tis Thy hand alone
Which guards and guides and feeds and folds.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

OH Shepherd of the universe,
Forever guiding with the law of Love
Thy countless flock of marching worlds,
Thou art my Shepherd too,
For 'tis Thy hand alone
Which guards and guides and feeds and folds,
Yea, heals and saves,
Earth's lost and suffering sheep.

I cannot know the thought of need
For Thy supply is infinite.
A tributary broad
Of holiness and health, of strength and peace,
Forever flows from out Thy kingdom unto man.

Thou makest me to rest in pastures green,
Where round about me lie
The changeless fields of Love,
Forever bathed in Truth's eternal light,
And lit with Life's sweet golden glow.

Thou leadest me by waters still,
Wherefrom I drink
Deep healing draughts of thought divine,
From Mind's unfathomed depths.

Thou dost restore my soul,—
My sense divine of deathless Life
Which ever lives triumphant with my God,
And knows no sin.

Thou dost direct my way
Through paths of righteousness,
Where all my daily thoughts
Are woven in the warp and woof of Love;
Where all my steps are firm,
And I am upright in the way of grace.

Yea, tho' I walk
Through earth's wild dream of life,
Where all the vales
Are darkened with the shades of death,
I will not fear,
For Thou art close at hand;
And with Thy rod omnipotent
Will beat to earth,—
To dust and nothingness,—
The subtle evils which beset my way:

Yea, on Thy staff,—
Thy promises of everlasting life and love,—
I'll rest secure,
And fear no storms
Beneath the shadow of Thy hand.

Within the wilderness,—
Earth's turbid tide of garish phantasies,—
Thou makest for my hungry soul
A table spread with bread from heaven,
Wherefrom I eat;
And lo, mine enemies,—
Sin, sickness, death,—
Rise up and flee forevermore.

My cup of joy o'erflows with gratitude,
And I am blessed
Beyond the measure of a mortal man:
Yea, surely shall I dwell
Within Thine house of Love
Forevermore,
Beneath the shadow of Thine outstretched wings
Safe from the world's bewildering storms
Of hate and fear.

A PSALM OF PURITY.

Chaste and holy thought.

A PSALM
OF PURITY

THE heart of man, purged of its world-debris,—
Earth-refuse heaped in memory's halls
By vain conceit,—
And freed from childish idols
Robed as little gods
Enthroned on altars built on sand,—
Becomes a heavenly temple
Dedicated to a loving God;
A temple wherein rests
The pure white chalice of eternal Truth,
From whence Love's incense rises up,
A cloud of chaste and holy thought,
And blesses, heals and purifies
A sinning, suffering world.

Come Thou, unchanging and eternal God,
And lay upon our hearts Thy purging fire;
Make clean
Soul's sanctuaries with the flame of Truth;
Nor quench
With dews of mercy, peace and tenderness,
Thine all-consuming flame
Which separates the dross and gold,
Until the garnered sheaves of sin are dust to dust,
And naught is found therein
Unmeet for Thine abiding place.

A PSALM OF NATURE.

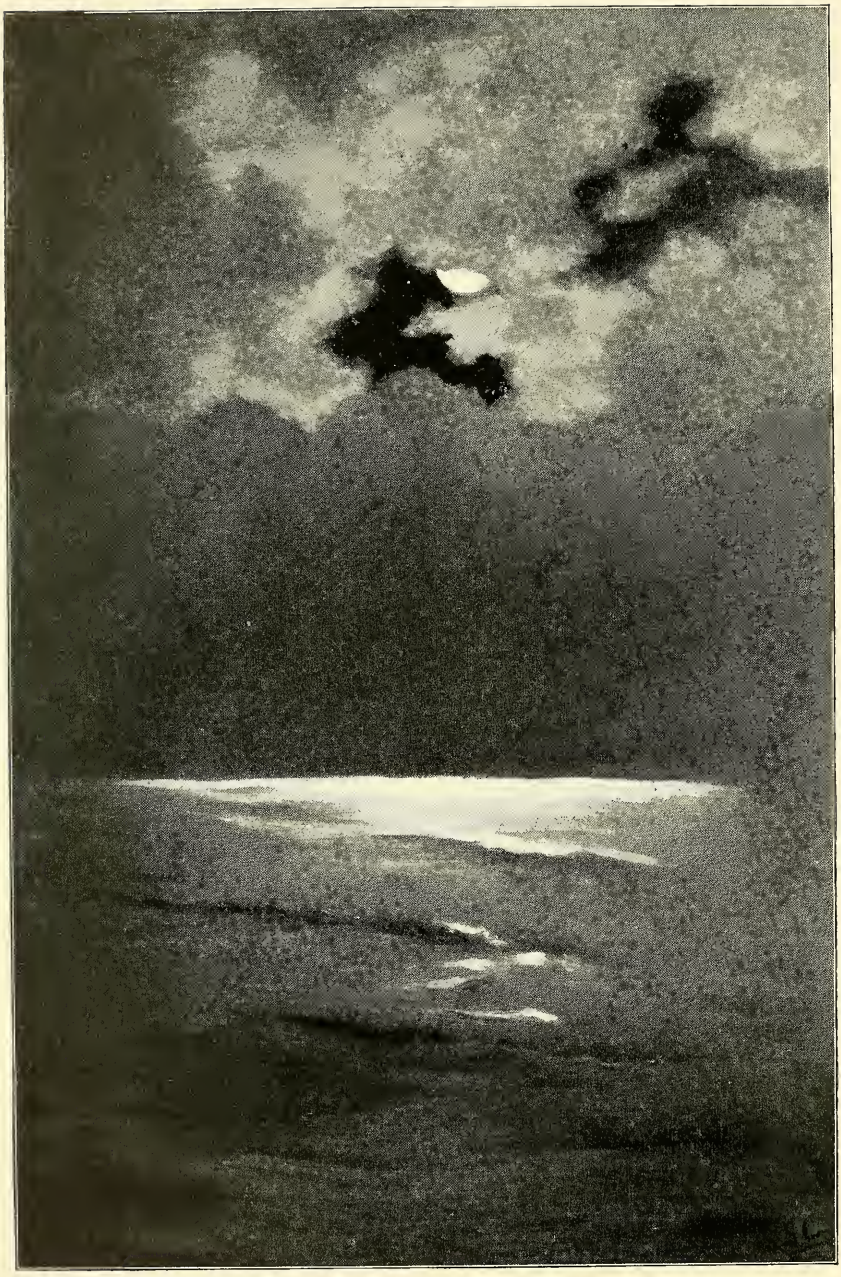
But speak the gentle tenderness and peace
Of Nature's sweet unselfishness,
And voice the Love divine.

A PSALM OF NATURE

THE liquid notes of harmony
From Nature's feathered choir,
The softened hues of eve, the brilliant morn,
The sweet caressing winds
Spiced with the breath of bloom;
The whispering leaves, the nodding boughs,
The noonday's glowing sky,
The snow-white isles of feathery down
Afloat in heaven's dome;
The waving fields, the silvery rippling lake,
The stately river winding to the sea;
The hills sun-kissed, rock-ribbed, majestic, grand
All bannered with a thousand blended tints,
But speak the gentle tenderness and peace
Of Nature's sweet unselfishness,
And voice the Love Divine.

E'en thus through the Creator's Mother-love,
The Way, the Truth, the Life,
We mortals learn the sweet divinity of gratitude
The lesson of unselfish love,
The sweetness of existence for the Good alone,
The consciousness of Christ's immortal bonds,
The brotherhood of man, and Love's maternity;
The loyalty of Principle, the unity of Love,
And tho' on earth,
We breathe the atmosphere of heaven,
And live and move in Love.

A PSALM OF THE TRUE CHURCH.



Not bounded by the hand of man.

A PSALM
OF THE TRUE CHURCH

"THE house not built with hands,
Eternal in the Heavens."

Beloved God!
Thy holy church forever dwells within my heart,
And every hour its walls are vocal with Thy praise;
Its gates are gilded with the golden sun of Truth,
And all its paths are paved with peace.

Its endless altar gleams with Thy consuming fire,
And that false sense of life,—
Earth born and weary of itself,—
Is laid thereon and ever burns
A dying sacrifice to Thee, wherefrom springs forth
That heav'n-born sense of self
Which finds its origin in Soul·
And thus again the Lamb,
Slain from the world's foundation, rises up
A living sacrifice to Thee;
And day by day the heavenly incense sweet
Flows in from Love and out again to all the world,
And blesses all my fellow man.

Thus hour by hour within this sacrificial font.
Earth-loss but points to heavenly gain,
And all Thy temple round about
Is filled with angel visitants
Sent forth by Thy dear hand.

Not bounded by the hand of man,
My temple folds within its walls Thine infinite abode
And all the universe, and man,
Moves to and fro beneath its endless roof.
Above, beneath, on every hand,
The morning stars sing paeans unto Thee;
Thine everlasting arms enfold it round about,
And Life eternal lights its boundless dome.

Thy spirit sheds a fadeless lustre there,
And from its portals flashes forth
A glowing signal o'er the earth,
Arousing fainting ones on land and sea
To turn their faces unto Thee,
And feel Thy saving grace.

Grant me, Oh Holy One!
Oh righteous Father over all,
That I may ever keep
Thy temple pure and undefiled,—
Forever consecrate to Thee.

A PSALM OF ATONEMENT.

That all may see Love's image in our daily lives.

A PSALM
OF ATONEMENT

IF I may offer unto Thee,
Oh Love Divine,
A life illumed with loving thought,—
A common daily life so full of Godlike deeds
That all the vibrant chords
Within my brother's heart
Shall tremble with the tender touch of Soul,—
Then shall I fill that destiny divine
Which Wisdom framed for all her little ones
Before the world was formed,
When man was sanctified by Thy dear love.

Oh Father-Life,—
Beloved Mother-Soul,—
Grant us Thy way to know
Each moment here on earth,
That all may see Love's image in our daily lives,
And thus turn gently all the wandering ones
To seek with out-stretched arms,
That only safe abiding place
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

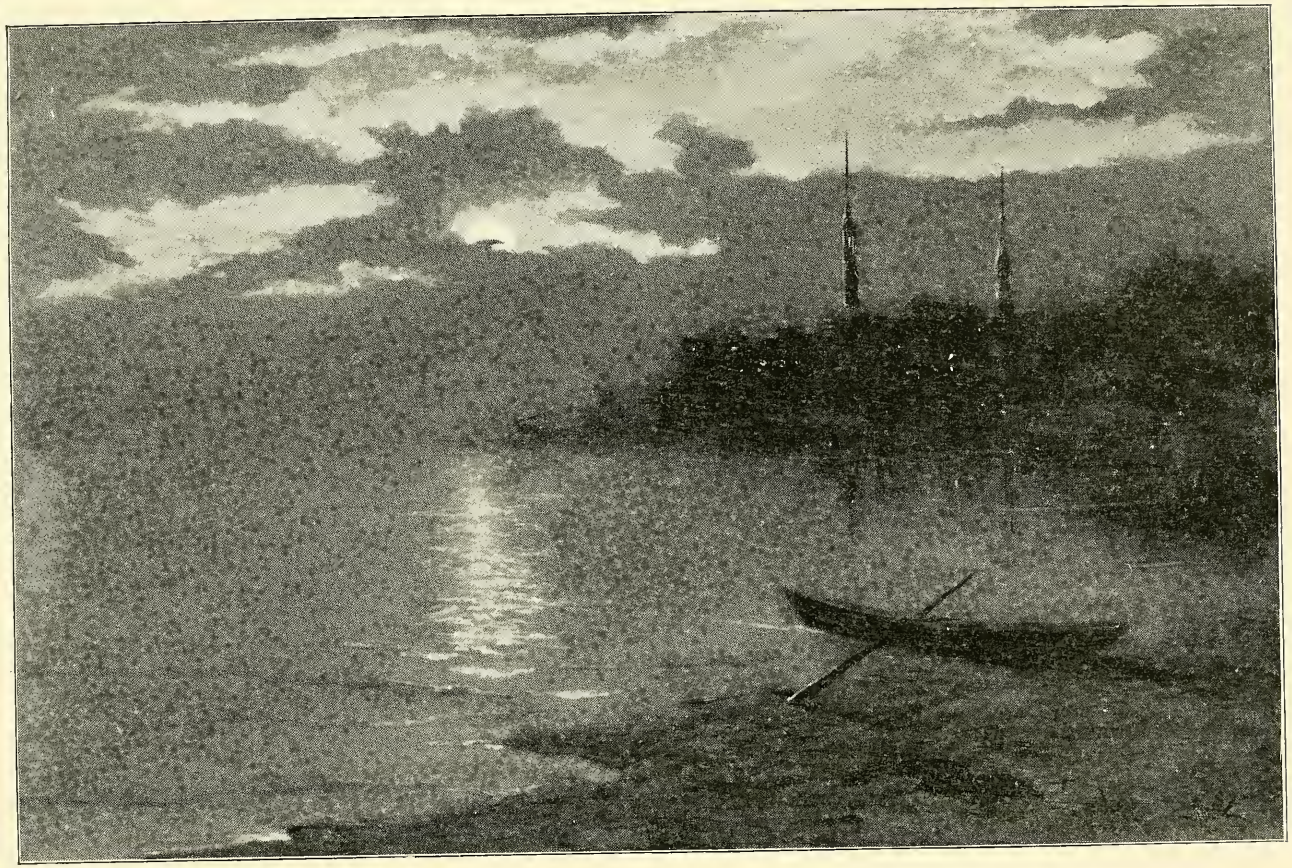
A PSALM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

The secret place beneath Love's outstretched wings;
The "Lo, I'm with you alway even to the end."

A PSALM
OF THE HOLY GHOST

WHEN widening cycles force the shores of thought
To broaden until lost in boundless Love;
When sin is dead, and death is lost in Life,
And man acquaints himself with changeless Good,—
His All in all, his only Source and Mind,—
Then shall the unseen presence of the Holy Ghost,—
Life, Truth and Love indwelling in the heart,
The secret place beneath Love's outstretched wings
The "Lo, I'm with you alway even to the end,"—
Forever dwell on earth within the humble heart,
The silent source of man's unfailing strength,
His fount of deathless Life, wherefrom forever flow
The healing draughts of God's omnipotence.

A PSALM OF PRAISE.



Within the silent watches of the night,
When all the world of sense has droned itself to rest.

A PSALM
OF PRAISE.

MY heart is lifted up to sing in praise of Thee,
Oh loving God,
For I behold Thy reign o'er all the earth,—
The majesty and might of Thy right hand
Which silences the wicked tongue of shame
And stills the wild avenger's voice
Which cries against Thy righteous ones.

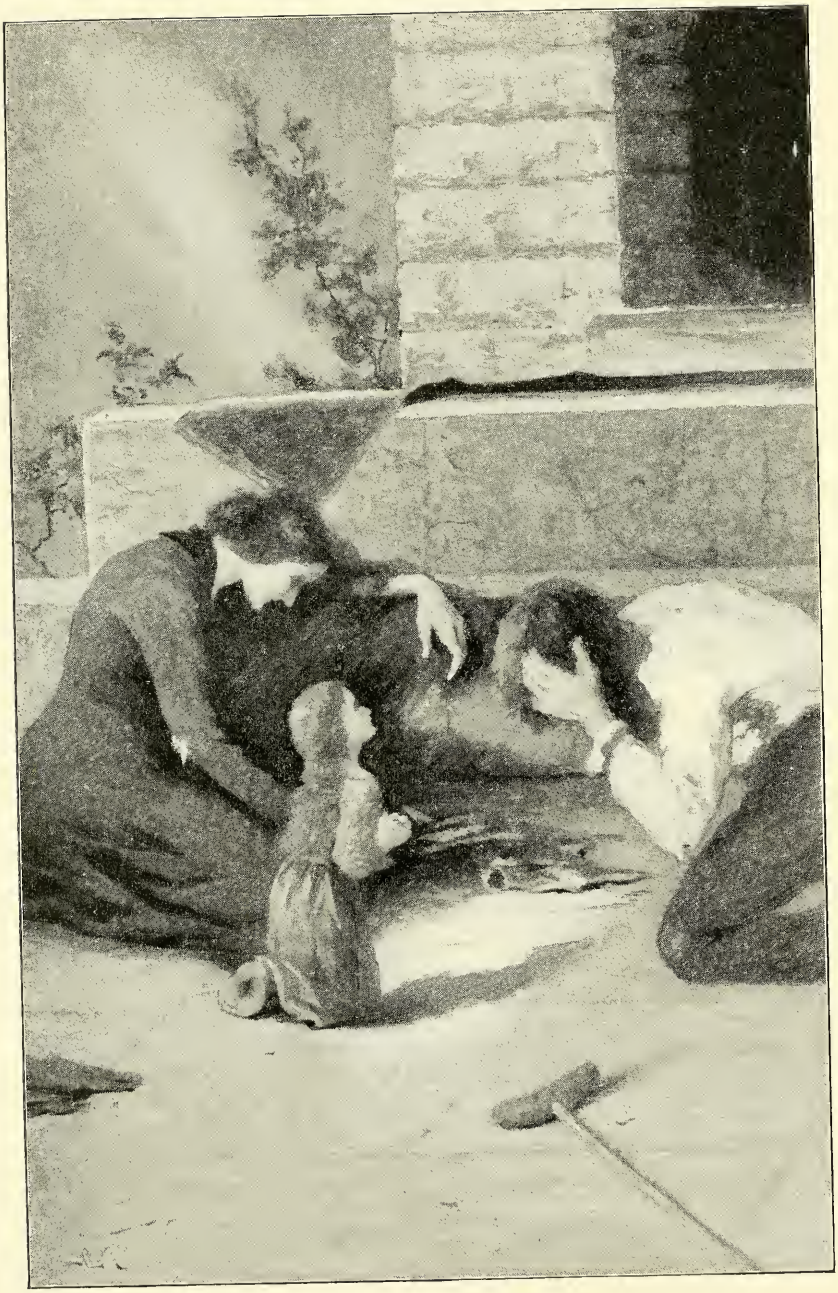
I stand secure within Thy law of Love
With Thy protecting arm around both me and mine,—
A sure and safe retreat for all earth's careworn ones.
Thy loving kindness girdles all the universe;—
Fain would I hide my face when I behold
The majesty of Thy great love for man,
And all the current of my being sets to Thee.

Within the silent watches of the night,
When all the world of sense has droned itself to rest,
The loving contrite heart,—
Awake to Spirit's call, and spurning subtle sense,—
Communes with Thee,
And flies on wings of thought divine
Still nearer, nearer Thee,
Until it palpitates in rhythmic time
With that eternal strain of harmony
Which ever sweeps across Thy universe of Love.

The mounting heart, impelled by faith,
Full strengthened with the bonds
Of praise and prayer,
Remains not long on earth
But bounds beyond the stars,
Looks back upon Orion, Pleiades,
Arcturus and his sons,
Yea, all the hosts of nether worlds;
And forward to an undiscovered universe,
Reserved for Love's own child of humble mien.

And thus
Through sweet communion with Thy changeless Self,—
The Soul of all the universe,—
The grateful contrite heart,
Tho' still on earth,
Betroths itself again to Thee,
Beloved Father-Mother God.

A PSALM OF THE COMFORTER.



So waits a suffering world.

A PSALM
OF THE COMFORTER

AS in the days of old,
The suffering beggar tarried at the temple gate
For some sweet bounty from the hand of Love,
So waits a suffering world,
Still longing for the healing touch
Of God's right hand,
Which with its unstayed power of Truth and Love,
Shall lift humanity to Life and health and strength.

Oh Mighty Spirit, Holy One,
Thou loved and loving Father of us all,
We pray Thee waken earth
To see and know and feel the healing power of Truth,
The Comforter already here,
That promised Presence hov'ring near
Which lifts earth's suffering ones from beds of pain;
That Mother-love which binds the broken heart
And feeds the hungering soul.

Awake! Arise! Oh Israel, for sorrow's night is o'er,
The reign of death undone, sin's kingdom desolate;
Thy foes are fallen by the sword of Truth.

Awake! Arise! Behold the dawn of Love,
The full-orbed day of Mind, the glistening noon of Soul,
The fadeless day-star of eternal Life.

A PSALM OF RESURRECTION.

The springtide speaks of Christ
And his dear love.

A PSALM
OF THE RESURRECTION

THE springtide speaks of Christ
And his dear love,
And tenderly commemorates
His resurrection hour,
When with the Law of Life,
He rent in twain the veil of death,
And through the rift there opened to the gaze
Of fainting, faltering man,
The morning beams of immortality.

On every hand the bursting buds
Foretell earth's resurrection hour,
When all the world shall blossom as the rose,
Reflect the Law of Love,
And once again enact the miracle of Life.

E'en thus
The endless springtide in the heart of Christ
Shall e'er unfold itself to man,
And he shall know himself
God's deathless, pure and perfect child;
His joyful heart
Shall vibrate with the universe of Love,
And all the sons of God
Shall join the morning stars in song.

A PSALM OF HEAVENLY REST.

My heart hath heard Thy call,
Thy rest hath entered in,
And heaven dwells e'en here on earth.

A PSALM
OF HEAVENLY REST

I AM aweary Mother-God,
I pray Thee take me to Thy rest!
The call of fame,
The pride of place,
The sheen of worldly pageants round about,
Are but the unsubstantial dream
Of earth's environments.

Earth has not offered much;
Some pain-racked days by far too real,
And some full measured with a joy,—
Not built upon the Rock of Christ,—
Which drifted out like gossamer
Before a summer wind.

But now since Christ, new-born, hath come,
I measure life anew;
My heart hath heard Thy call,
Thy rest hath entered in,
And heaven dwells e'en here on earth.
Thy gentle voice,
More constant than the ancient sun,
Is heard above earth's wearying din
And all is stilled.

A PSALM OF LOVE.

'Tis Thine unfailing law
Which holds the buoyant ocean in its bounds,
And calms its turgid tide.

A PSALM
OF LOVE.

OH Love Divine,
Triumphant over all,
Enthroned in majesty throughout all space
And draped in heaven's royal purple robe
Be-starred with countless gems,—
Thy righteous statutes govern earth and heaven
And all the hosts of worlds on worlds.

'Tis Thine unfailing law
Which holds the buoyant ocean in its bounds,
And calms its turgid tide.

At Thy command the earth is filled
With bursts of melody and harvest songs,
Which celebrate the gratitude of every living thing.

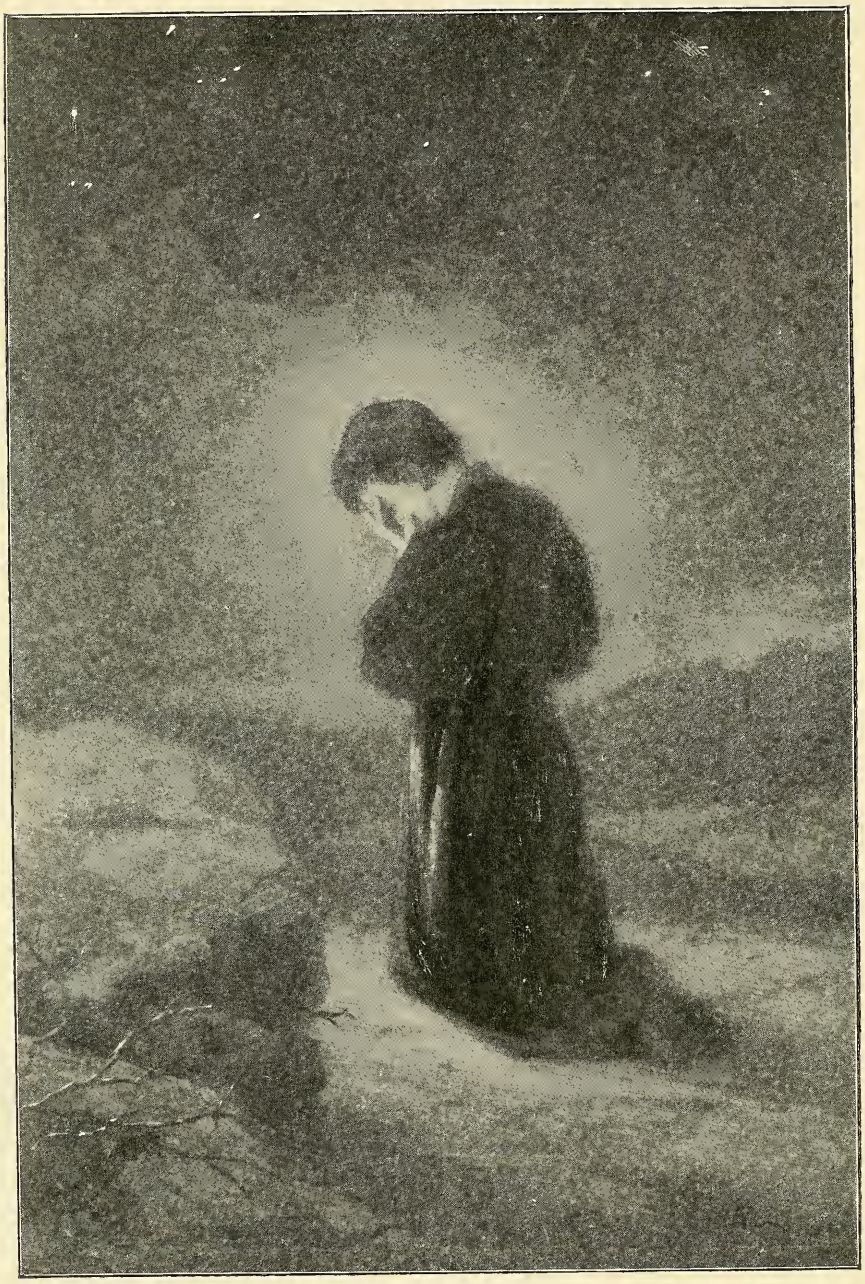
Yea, 'tis Thy law that sweeps across the heart of man,
Transforms his dirge of pain to praise and prayer,
Binds up the broken heart,
And sets the long enslaved captive free.

Where'er Thou reignest pain is healed,
Disease is naught and sin is dead;
E'en death is but a vision of the night,—
A dream of dreams.

Thy law of Love
Renews, regenerates, transforms the sin-sick one,
The lame, the deaf, the dumb, the blind;
And man is made to walk upright,—
The image of his God,—
A child immaculate,
Which shines resplendent in his borrowed gleams
Of perfect holiness.

Oh Love Divine,
Triumphant over all,
Be Thou my God,—
The only God of all mankind
Forevermore.

A PSALM OF SOLITUDE.



Alone with Thee
The night is radiant with Thy peace.

A PSALM
OF SOLITUDE.

AT midnight's holy calm, when error's hosts
Lay vanquished by the sword of Truth,
My heart in silent adoration turns to Thee,
Oh gentle God;
The river of my being finds its source
Within Thy changeless heart,
And 'round about me glows the light of heaven.

Alone with Thee, beloved source of Good,–my All in all!
Alone with Thee,
The angels of Thy ever presence speak,
And sense and sin are stilled.
Alone with Thee, the night is radiant with Thy peace,
And I am glorified with Love,—the light of Love,—
Which gleams on all Thy watching ones
Who day and night,
Midst storm and tempest, seek Thy way.

Oh gentle Presence brooding over all,
And hov'ring 'neath Thy mighty wings,—eternal Love,
Earth's sinful, sick and suffering ones,
I pray Thee still the sounds of human strife,
And bind the hearts of men with Love's eternal bands.
Oh Father, sanctify our moments unto Thee
That we may know no self but Thee,
No power but Thine,
And thus may consecrated be
To bear Thy wealth of peace and health to all mankind.

Thy hand alone, oh changeless Truth,
Can vanquish all earth's hate and pain,
Despoil the kingdom of the prince of night,
And bless the earth with Thy millenium of love

The hour is holy; Thou art near,--
The moments fly on wings of Soul;
Life, Truth and Love have entered in
And earth is blessed with bread from heaven:
Yea all Thy children eat anew Thy flesh,
And drink again the waters of eternal Life

A PSALM AT EVENTIDE.

Across the waning darkness thou shalt see
A fadeless gleam, a calm refulgent glow.
The night shall shine as day.

A PSALM
AT EVENTIDE

AT eventide,
When earth's deep shadows gather in the heart
And morning friends have flown,
Because the night-clouds gather round apace;
When earth-cares press their crown of thorns
Upon the aching brow,
And through the halls of being surge
A troupe of doleful forms with flameless lamps
Wherein the oil is spent;
When unforgotten mem'ries point
With fingers grim and cold
To hours void of Wisdom's light,—
Seek thou thy Father's house,
And yearn to find again the deathless Christ
Behind the veil of flesh.
And lo! While yet thy heavy heart
Is humbled with its self-made load,
Across the waning darkness thou shalt see
A fadeless gleam, a calm refulgent glow;
The night shall shine as day,
And once again
Love's tender mercies light thy rugged way;
Then shall thy heart prove to itself
This promise made in ancient time,—
"A contrite heart is not despised of God."

Vain, vain were life
Oh Shepherd of my soul,
Without Thy hand to guide the way;
Vain, vain earth's pageantry,
Its pomp and pride,
Its offerings of place and power,
Its broad phylacteries of gilded worth.

One breath
Of that sweet atmosphere of heavenly peace
Which fills Thy realms of Love,
Is vastly more to suffering man
Than all earth's spires and domes,
Its cups of gold and broad estates,
Its frankincense of passion-love,
Its myrrh of human praise.

A PSALM OF IMMORTALITY.

Nor age, nor death, nor lapse of time,
Nor pain nor sorrow, drifts across
This deathless land of Immortality.

A PSALM
OF IMMORTALITY.

ABOVE earth's undertone of joy and pain,
Above her cries of treasure-strife,
Above the sensuous dream of passion's thrall,
Far, far beyond
The faint frail premises of mortal life,—
The great I AM,—
The boundless Being of the universe,
From whence
Sprang man's eternal consciousness of Life,—
Forever rests in the eternal now.

Nor age, nor death, nor lapse of time,
Nor earthly sense of incompleteness,
Limitation, transient fading views,
Nor mental twilights indistinct,
Nor pain nor sorrow, drifts across
This deathless land of Immortality,
But ever onward flows
Throughout its measureless domains,
Life's ceaseless currents fraught
With peace and happiness and holiness divine,—
A sweet unswerving sense of Love's omnipotence.

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